

# Luna’s Secret: Pregnant With Alpha’s Son

Fantasy By *Misha K*

## Chapter 1: Mate

Violet’s POV

I woke up with a jolt, pain surging through my stomach as someone kicked me. I curled in my threadbare blanket as tears welled in my eyes. I was sleeping on the ground of a makeshift home in a forest that surrounded the White Fur pack.

“Wake up, bitch!” A nasal voice blasted.

It was my father’s mate, Nellie, who was my stepmother.

“No one has all the time for you in the world, dimwit!” she spat. She kicked me again on my chest making me whimper in pain. “We are leaving. The White Fur packs’ hounds have scented us.”

Rogues were hated by every pack and the moment we were spotted, we were killed. And the White Fur Pack was notorious for tracking rogues and killing them.

My name is Violet Clark. I am nineteen. My father and stepmother are rogues and we live like vagabonds along with a few others, who lusted after me like I was the whore of the rogue pack. It was a surprise that I kept my virginity intact till now.

Grunting and sending more expletives my way, Nellie hurried away.

‘Why don’t we kill her?’ my wolf, Opal grumbled.

‘If we kill her, my father would kill me instantly,’ I said through my tears. My wolf wasn’t as powerful as she should have been. Years and years of abuse and malnourishment have weakened her.

‘We will run away, Violet,’ she growled. ‘At this rate they are going to weaken you and me further. Just yesterday your father caned you on the back. How much can I take?’

I got up, wiping my tears and ignoring the pain in my body that ran deep to my bones. I knew that my injuries would soon become blue or black. They would eventually heal but very slowly leaving scars.

I tied my sandy brown hair in a messy bun and then folded my blanket crying at my shitty luck. If only my mother was here...

According to the tales I heard, my mother, Fiona, ensnared my father, Alex. She became pregnant but soon after my birth, she died under mysterious circumstances. And a month later, my father brought his mate, Nellie. Nellie gave me away to my mother’s sister, Macy, from the White Fang pack, but when I turned five, I was handed back to my father, I don’t know why.

Ever since then my life took a downturn. Alex and Nellie hated me. Father would hit me and punish me at every given opportunity, and those opportunities never ended. He insisted I do menial work, even for the rogues he was surrounded by.

“You are still crying, asshole!” my stepsister, Sade, shouted. “I hope you get killed today! Why are we carrying you along with us? You are such baggage!” she cursed.

Wincing, I collected my little bag that had a blanket, jeans, one frayed shirt and a set of underwear. I rushed out in my shorts and a tank top, shivering in the cold of the night.

My father had already shifted in his wolf. He snarled at me and then ran out of the cave we were hiding in. My mother followed him. Soon we all shifted and were running in the forest, trying to escape the warriors of the White Fur Alpha.

However, we must have gone only a few hundred meters when we heard snarls and howls behind us. Heavy footfalls chased us.

‘Run fast!’ my father’s voice sounded in our heads. I pushed myself to go fast through my pain, but minutes later we heard those howls coming nearer. It meant that this time we were doomed. I ran hard knowing fully well that if I stopped, I would be killed, but I couldn’t run as fast as other rogues. The pain in my chest, stomach and back lanced through me like icy shards. Every breath I took hurt me. I wonder if a bone or two in my ribcage were broken after Nellie kicked me.

‘See, I told you,’ Opal grumbled. ‘He is trying to kill us. Leave them.’

‘What do I do, Opal?’ I said to her, ‘If I leave this pack, where will I go? Don’t you know lone wolves are hunted down and killed instantly?’

‘This is the time to leave your father. Take a right turn and I will lead you to your mother’s pack. I am sure they will take you in,’ Opal sounded desperate. I knew that she wanted to protect me, but I wasn’t sure that my mother’s pack would ever take me in. They had betrayed a five-year-old who was... harmless.

‘No, we stick to my father!’ I instructed and Opal grumbled.

But my stars were all wrong that day. Suddenly someone bit me on my leg and then someone attacked me on my back. I let out an agonized howl, crashing on the ground on my belly. When I looked back, I saw Sade’s fangs, dripping in blood and Nellie glaring at me.

My father’s angry voice came to my head. ‘Come back girls. Leave her to die!’

I whimpered. So this was their plan to get rid of me finally? To maul me and leave me to die? To leave me in the fate of the ruthless warriors of White Fur pack?

Opal couldn’t take the pain. ‘Take over, Violet,’ she said. ‘And climb a tree to hide.’

I took over, but merely a few minutes later when I was climbing, I was attacked again. A warrior of the White Fur pack grabbed my hair and pulled me on the ground where he hurled me some twenty feet away. Excruciating pain and horror gripped me when I saw him towering over me.

He snarled at me, peeling his lips back. “We found a rogue,” he yelled, calling all others as he removed his dark curly hair from his hazel eyes. I scrambled away from him, scared as hell.

From the corner of my vision I saw five giant werewolves coming in my direction. They surrounded me, their heads dipped, their lips peeled back exposing sharp fangs.

“Kill her,” the warrior ordered.

So this is the end? I closed my eyes, waiting for it. It was better that I died. There was so much pain all over my body that I didn’t have the strength to live. I was fed up with being treated lowest of the low amongst the rogues. I was exhausted mentally and physically.

‘I am sorry, Opal,’ I apologized to my wolf, defeated. ‘I can’t take it any longer.’

I waited for the final blow, for the warriors to sink their fangs in my neck, or tear me limb by limb, when a strong voice sounded. “Wait.”

“Alpha!” the warriors bowed to him, submitting their necks to him.

I jerked open my eyes and looked at the source of the voice. An alpha male was standing in front of me, naked. My breath catches, but it’s not because of the pain in my body. It’s a pair of gorgeous green eyes that stare at me and those eyes pinned me in my place. He was both utterly terrifying and the most beautiful werewolf I’d ever seen. He had shoulder length wavy midnight blue hair, his features chiseled. At over six feet, he was a mountain of muscles.

It was difficult for me to breathe, I was on the verge of death but I couldn’t take my eyes off the Alpha standing in front of me, naked.

‘Mate.’ My wolf purred.